

THE
CITIZEN.
A
FARCE.

As it is performed at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

THE THIRD EDITION.

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq. *R*

Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit. Hor.

L O N D O N :

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Lincoln's-Inn, 25th Jan. 1763.

THE Author's compliments to Miss ELLIOT, and he desires to inscribe to her the following scenes. She need not be alarmed at a dedication, the propriety of which will strike every reader, who remembers that Miss ELLIOT and the CITIZEN made their first appearance on the stage together, and that her uncommon talents gave the piece the best and most effectual protection. Elegance of figure; a voice of pleasing variety, a strong expression of humour, not impaired, but rendered exquisite, by delicacy; these were circumstances that secured the farce at first, and have since brought it into favour. No author ever met with a better patronage; and though the CITIZEN, like other *things of this kind*, has many faults, yet it has this peculiar merit, that it produced, in the character of MARIA, a genuine comic genius. The CITIZEN claims another praise. When all the little arts of theatrical malice were conspiring against her, it recommended Miss ELLIOT to the notice of Mr. BEARD, and obtained for her that generous treatment, which *that manager* seems determined to extend to real merit. The Author, therefore, desires Miss ELLIOT's acceptance of this Farce, for the defects of which he makes no apology, because, should the most severe judge in this kind resolve to arm himself with criticisms, let him but look at the acting of MARIA, and he will forget them all.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

M E N.

Old Philpot,
Young Philpot,
Sir Jasper Wilding,
Young Wilding,
Beaufort,
Dapper,
Quilldrive,

Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. King.
Mr. Burton.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Vaughan.
Mr. Ackman.

W O M E N.

Maria,
Corinna,

Miss Elliot.
Mrs. Hippisley.

COVENT-GARDEN.

M E N.

Old Philpot,
Young Philpot,
Sir Jasper Wilding,
Young Wilding,
Beaufort,
Dapper,
Quilldrive,

Mr. Shuter.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Dunstall.
Mr. Dyer.
Mr. Baker.
Mr. Costello.
Mr. Perry.

W O M E N.

Maria,
Corinna,

Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss Cockayne.

Servants, &c.

T H E
C I T I Z E N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

YOUNG WILDING, BEAUFORT, and WILL
following.

Wilding.

HA, ha, my dear Beaufort! A fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a fighting, love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turn'd ankle, and a short petticoat!

Beau. Pr'ythee, Wilding, don't laugh at me—Maria's charms——

Wild. Maria's charms! And so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister! Ha, ha, poor Beaufort! —Is my sister at home, Will?

Will. She is, Sir.

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, Sir.

Wild. Very Well. Pray give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her —(*Exit Will.*) You will be glad to see her I suppose, Charles.

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

B

Beau.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. That's more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me—This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale!—My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Lloyd's Coffee-house by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property!—"Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair, and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow—

Wild. Happy! so I am—what should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul I forget her name—

Beau. Well! that is so like you—Miss Sally Philpot.

Wild. Ay! very true—Miss Sally Philpot—she will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me—and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. And you are willing to marry her without having one spark of love for her?

Wild. Love!—why I make myself ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain? What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things!—My dear Beaufort, one sees so many people breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dining their insipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance; "My dear Ma'am, don't you think him a sweet man? a charmer creature never was." Then he, on his side—"My life, my angel, oh! she's a paradise of ever blooming sweets." And then in a month's time, "He's a perfidious wretch! I wish I had never seen his face—the devil was in me when I had any thing to say to him"—"Oh! damn her for an inanimated piece—I wish she'd poison'd herself with all my heart." That is

ever the way; and so you see love is all nonsense; well enough to furnish romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

Beau. Pho! this is all idle talk; and, in the mean time, I am ruin'd.

Wild. How so?

Beau. Why, you know the old couple have bargain'd your sister away.

Wild. Bargain'd her away! and will you pretend you are in love?—Can you look tamely on and see her barter'd away at Garraway's, like logwood, cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

Wild. With all my heart—She is very long a coming—I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once—But, perhaps, she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother.

Beau. Oh, no! he's her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be—my father-in-law and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What sort of a fellow is the son?

Beau. Oh! a diamond of the first water! a buck, Sir! a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he sneaks about the Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit!—he drives a phaeton two story high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

Wild. Oh, brave!—and the father——

Beau. The father, Sir—But here comes Maria; take his picture from her. [*She sings within.*]

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning; she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

Wild. Ay! and such a lover as you too! tho' still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles, and

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treat you as she does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, soothe you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—*Ecce signum!*

Enter MARIA singing.

Wild. The same giddy girl!—Sister; come, my dear—

Maria. Have done, brother; let me have my own way—I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do?

Maria. I won't ask you how you do—I won't take any notice of you, I don't know you.

Wild. Do you know this gentleman then? Will you speak to him?

Maria. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him; it's my humour to sing. [*Sings.*]

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

Maria. Oh! sweet Sir, you are dying, are you? then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself—mind it, Mr. Beaufort—mind it—Brother, how do you do? [*kisses him*] Say nothing, don't interrupt me—[*Sings.*]

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Maria. No; but I long to see him; I fancy he is a curiosity.

Beau. Long to see him, Maria!

Maria. Yes, long to see him—[*Beaufort fiddles with his lip, and looks thoughtful.*] Brother, brother! [*goes to him softly, beckons him to look at Beaufort*] do you see that? [*mimicks him*] mind him; ha, ha.

Beau. Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria; so you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

Maria. And would not you have me marry, Sir? What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I? upon my word you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. [*Sings.*]

Can it be, or by law, or by equity said,

That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little—this will never do.

Maria. My cross, ill-natur'd brother! but it will do—Lord! what do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye—à l'honneur, à l'honneur—[*running away.*] à l'honneur.

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back, pray Madam, come back—[*Forces her back.*]

Maria. Lord of Heaven! what do you want!

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolicks, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

Maria. Have you? Well, come, I will be sensible—there, I blow all my folly away—'Tis gone, 'tis gone, and now I'll talk sense; come—Is that a sensible face?

Wild. Po, po, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Maria. I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Po, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

Maria. Bless me! I never saw any thing like you—there is no such thing as satisfying you—I am sure it was very good sense, what I said—Papa talks in that manner—Well, well! I'll be silent then—I won't speak at all; will that satisfy you? [Looks sullen]

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you—You have not seen your city lover, you say?

[*Maria shrugs her shoulders, and shakes her head.*]

Wild. Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

[*Maria shrugs her shoulders again.*]

Wild. Po! don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

Maria. Why, no, then; no—no, no, no, no, no—I tell you no, no, no.

Wild. Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

Maria. Why don't I tell you I have not seen him—but I am to see him this very day.

Beau.

Beau. To see him this day, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha!—look there, brother; he is beginning again—But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it—My papa comes to me this morning—by the by, he makes a fright of himself with this strange dress—Why does he not dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild. He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Maria. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here—I am almost ashamed of him—But he comes to me this morning—“Hoic! hoic! our Moll—Where is the fly?”—“pufs—Tally ho!”—Did you want me, papa?—“Come hither, Moll, I'll gee you a husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow—he'll take cover, I warrant un—Blood to the bone.”

Beau. There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Maria. Why, papa will be at home in a hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me—The old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me; but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

Wild. Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Maria. Why, he looks like the picture of Avarice, sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away—He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat, with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all shrivell'd and pinch'd with care, and he shakes his head like a mandarine upon a chimney-piece—“Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right—and then he grins at me—I profess she is a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my son Bob is a very sensible lad—ay, ay! and I will underwrite their happiness for one and a half per cent.”

Wild. Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this account of my relations.

Beau.

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Beau. Destruction to my hopes! Surely, my dear little angel, if you have any regard for me—

Maria. There, there, there he is frighten'd again.

[Sings, Dearest creature, &c.]

Wild. Pshaw! give over these airs—listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Maria. Oh! my dear brother, you are very good—but don't mistake yourself; though just come from a boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself—There is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like—It is not you I like (*to Beaufort*)—no—no—I hate you—But let this little head alone; I know what to do—I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you. [Sings.

Do not grieve me,

Oh! relieve me, &c.

Wild. Come, come, be serious Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do—The old cit, you say, admires you for your understanding; and his son would not marry you, unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit?

Maria. Even so—this is the character of your giddy sister.

Wild. Why then I'll tell you—You shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from himself.

Maria. But how—how, my dear brother? Tell me how?

Wild. Why you have seen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

Maria. Very well—what then? what then?—Oh!—I have it—I understand you—say no more—'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will so plague him, that he shan't know what to make of me—He shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it—it's all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may like him?

Beau.

Beau. My dear, Maria, don't talk of liking him.

Maria. Oh! now you are beginning again.

[Sings, *Voi Amanti*, &c. and exit.]

Beau. 'Sdeath, Wilding, I shall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

Wild. Pshaw, follow me; don't be apprehensive—I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them I warrant you; the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself elsewhere.

SCENE II. *Old Philpot's House.*

Enter OLD PHILPOT, DAPPER, and QUILLDRIVE.

Old Phil. Quilldrive, have those dollars been sent to the Bank, as I order'd?

Quill. They have, Sir.

Old Phil. Very well!—Mr. Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your request—

Dap. You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

Old Phil. I believe it—Well, step with me to my closet, and I will look at your policy—How much do you want upon it?

Dap. Three thousand; you had better take the whole; there are very good names upon it.

Old Phil. Well, well, step with me, and I'll talk to you—Quilldrive, step with those bills for acceptance—This way, Mr. Dapper, this way. [Exit.

QUILLDRIVE *solus.*

Quill. A miserly old rascal! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; constantly, constantly scraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite! and yet under his veil of sanctity, he has a liquorish tooth left—running to the other end of the town sily every evening, and there he has his solitary pleasures in holes and corners.

GEORGE PHILPOT, *peeping in.*

G. Phil. Hift, hift!—Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Master George!

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G. Phil. Is Square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G. Phil. Has he ask'd for me?

Quill. He has.

G. Phil. [*Walks in on tip-toe.*] Does he know I did not lay at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G. Phil. Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday—Damnation!—up all night—stripped of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night!—Picqued, repicqued, flamm'd, and capotted every deal!—Old Dry-beard shall pay all—is forty seven good? no—fifty good? no! no, no, no—to the end of the chapter—Cruel luck!—Damn me, 'tis life tho'—this is life—'sdeath! I hear him coming [*runs off and peeps*—no, all's safe—I must not be caught in these cloaths, Quilldrive—

Quill. How come you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

G. Phil. I was afraid of being too late for old Square-toes, and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bumbailey.—Pretty cloaths, an't they?

Quill. Ah! Sir—

G. Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks—no—stay—it's in the next room, an't it?

Quill. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twink. [*Exit.*

QUILLDRIVE *solus.*

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? Old Cojer within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young Master comes to possession, "Ill got, ill gone," I warrant me; a hard card I have to play between 'em both—drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one—The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. Now I'm equipp'd for the city—Damn the city—I wish the Fopishes would set fire to it again

C

—I hate

—I hate to be beating the hoof here among them—
Here comes father—no ;—it's Dapper—Quilldrive,
I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter DAPPER.

Dap. Why you look like a devil, George.

G. Phil. Yes, I have been up all night ; lost all my money, and I am afraid I must smash for it.

Dap. Smash for it—what have I let you into the secret for ? Have not I advised you to trade upon your own account—and you feel the sweets of it—How much do you owe in the city ?

G. Phil. At least twenty thousand.

Dap. Poh, that's nothing ! Bring it up to fifty or sixty thousand, and then give 'em a good crash at once—I have ensured the ship for you.

G. Phil. Have you ?

Dap. The policy's full ; I have just touch'd your father for the last three thousand.

G. Phil. Excellent ! are the goods re-landed ?

Dap. Every bale—I have had them up to town, and sold them all to a packer for you.

G. Phil. Bravo !—and the ship is loaded with rubbish, I suppose ?

Dap. Yes ; and is now proceeding on the voyage.

G. Phil. Very well—and to-morrow, or next day, we shall hear of her being lost upon the Goodwin, or sunk between the Needles.

Dap. Certainly.

G. Phil. Admirable ! and then we shall come upon the underwriters.

Dap. Directly.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper ! [*Embraces him.*

Dap. Yes ; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwise ?

G. Phil. Very true ; shall you be at the club after Change ?

Dap. Without fail.

G. Phil. That's right ; it will be a full meeting : we shall have Nat Pigtail, the dry-salter, there ; and Bob Reptile, the Change-broker ; and Soberfides, the banker

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banker—we shall all be there. We shall have deep doings.

Dap. Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I must go now and fill up a policy for a ship that has been lost these three days.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper, thou art the best of friends.

Dap. Ay, I'll stand by you—It will be time enough for you to break, when you see your father near his end; then give 'em a smash; put yourself at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again—Good morning. [Exit.]

G. PHILPOT, solus.

G. Phil. Dapper, adieu—Who now in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! A Lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate—He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money—no—no—I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs—Commissioner!—The King has not so good a thing in his gift, as a commission of bankruptcy—Don't we see them all with their country seats at Hogsdon, and at Kentish-town, and at Newington-butts, and at Islington; with their little flying Mercuries tipt on the top of the house, their Apollos, their Venus's and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion—Zoons! here comes old Dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

Old Phil. Twelve times twelve is 144.

G. Phil. I'll attack him in his own way—Commission at two and a half *per cent*.

Old Phil. There he is, intent upon business! What, plodding, George?

G. Phil. Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

Old Phil. That's right; it is a wide world, George.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir, but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! I instill'd good principles into thee.

G. Phil. So you did, Sir—principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. [*aside*] I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, Sir.

Old Phil. What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

G. Phil. It intimated, Sir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, [*laughs*] I recollect it now.

G. Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise mov'd than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

Old Phil. [*Bursts into a laugh.*] I remember it—ha, ha!—there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha!

G. Phil. That was calculation for you——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. The Rule of Three—If one gives me so much; what will two give me?

Old Phil. Ay, ay. [*Laughs.*]

G. Phil. That was a hit, Sir.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. That was having his wits about him.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! It is a lesson for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha! ha! [*Both laugh.*]

G. Phil. What an old negro it is. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Thou art a son after my own heart, George.

G. Phil. Trade must be minded—A penny sav'd, is a penny got——

Old Phil. Ay, ay! [*Shakes his head, and looks cunning.*]

G. Phil. He that hath money in his purse, won't want a head on his shoulders.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day—Fortunes are made by degrees—Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to loose——

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. He that lies in bed, his estate feels it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G. Phil. The old Curmudgeon [*aside.*] thinks nothing mean that brings in an honest penny.

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world—Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying—I never heard it before; it is a wise saying; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

Old Phil. Ay, ay——

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—Let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him—I went to him to his garret, in the Minories; and there I found him in all his misery! and a fine scene it was—There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-stake was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-legg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left-knee, his right-leg employ'd in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it—And so there was business enough for them all—His wife rubbing away [*mimicks a washer-woman*] and he writing on, "The king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies; Saxony shall be indemnify'd—He shan't have a foot in Silesia." There is a sweet little baby! [*to the child on his knee*] then he rock'd the cradle, hush ho! hush ho!—then twisted the griskin, [*snaps his fingers*] hush ho! "The Russians shall have Prussia," [*writes*] The wife [*washes and sings*] he—"There's a dear." Round goes the griskin again, [*snaps his Finger*] "and Canada must be restor'd" [*writes*]—and so you have a picture of the whole family.

Old

Old Phil. Ha, ha! What becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parsnips—He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G. Phil. Oh! no; charity begins at home, says I.

Old Phil. And it was wisely said—I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me—I am ready with my joke—"a fool and his money are soon parted"—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ha, ha—An old skin-flint. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Ay, ay—a fool and his money are soon parted—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. [*Aside.*] And yet trade has its inconveniencies—Great houses stopping payment!

Old Phil. Hey—what! you look chagrin'd!—Nothing of that sort has happen'd to thee, I hope?—

G. Phil. A great house at Cadiz—Don John de Alvarada—The Spanish Galleons not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back.

Old Phil. Ay!—[*Shakes his head.*]

G. Phil. I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty *per cent.* profit—But this blow coming upon me—

Old Phil. Why this is unlucky—how much money?

G. Phil. Three and twenty hundred.

Old Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: then hush this up, say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue [*aside.*] That will never do, I shall be blown upon Change—Alvarada will pay in time—He has open'd his affairs—He appears a good man.

Old Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left; will pay in time, but I must crack before that.

Old Phil. It is unlucky! A good man you say he is?

G. Phil. No body better.

Old

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Old Phil. Let me see—Suppose I lend this money?

G. Phil. Ah, Sir.

Old Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

Old Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G. Phil. Exactly.

Old Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man you say?

G. Phil. Yes, Sr.

Old Phil. I will venture to lend the money—You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

G. Phil. Agreed.

Old Phil. Lawful interest, while I am out of my money.

G. Phil. I subscribe.

Old Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

G. Phil. You shall have it.

Old Phil. Your own bond.

G. Phil. To be sure.

Old Phil. Go and get me a check—You shall have a draught on the bank.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir, (*going.*)

Old Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—Stocks are under *par*—You must pay the difference.

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech, (*aside*). By all means, Sir.

Old Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. [*aside.*]

[*Exit G. Philpot.*]

OLD PHILPOT, *Solus.*

What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to—Let me see—what is the lady's name, [*Takes a letter out.*] Corinna! ay, ay, by the descrip-

tion

tion she is a bale of goods—I shall be in rare spirits—
Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's passions and yet
conceal them, and to mind one's business in the city
here, as if one had no passions at all—I long for the
evening methinks—Body o'me—I am a young man
still.

Enter QUILDRIVE.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

Old Phil. I am at home.

Enter Sir JASPER and MARIA.

[*Sir Jasper dressed as a Fox-hunter, and singing.*]

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I
am indeed.

Old Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper.
Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Jasper. Ay, ay, I ha brought un to zee you—
There's my girl—I ben't asham'd of my girl.

Maria. That's more than I can say of my father—
luckily these people are as much strangers to decorum
as my old gentleman, otherwise this visit from a lady
to meet her lover would have an odd appearance—
Tho' but late a boarding-school girl, I know enough
of the world for that. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Truly she is a blooming young lady, Sir
Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir Jasp. I ha brought her to zee ye, and so your zon
may ha' her as soon as he will.

Old Phil. Why she looks three and a half *per cent.*
better than when I saw her last.

Maria. Then there is hopes that in a little time, I
shall be above *par*—he rates me like a lottery-ticket.

[*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper: Miss has
the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady;
and to deal freely, without that she would not do for
my son—George is a shrewd lad, and I have often
heard him declare, no consideration should ever prevail
on him to marry a fool.

Maria.

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Maria. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman, and I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. [*Aside.*]

Enter GEORGE PHILPOT.

G. Phil. A good clever old cuff this—after my own heart—I think I'll have his daughter, if it's only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

Sir Jasp. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—What say you? Are you ready for my girl?

G. Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, Sir, I'll fall too.

Sir Jasp. Well zaid—I like you—I like un master Philpot—I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

Old Phil. And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash.

G. Phil. I think I had rather not speak to her now—I hate speaking to those modest women—Sir;—Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind; by advertising for her in a new's-paper?

Old Phil. Talk sense to her, George; she is a notable girl—and I'll give the draft upon the bank presently.

Sir Jasp. Come along, master Philpot——come along; I ben't afraid of my girl——come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasp. and Old Phil.*]

Maria. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me. [*Aside.*]

Maria. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. [*Aside.*]

Maria. When will he begin?—Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me; that's what I will; and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match: not a word yet—he is in a fine confusion [*Looks foolish*]—I think I may as well sit down, Sir.

D

G. Phil.

G. Phil. Ma'am—I—I—I—[*frighted*.]—I'll hand you a chair, Ma'am——there, Ma'am.

[*Bows awkwardly*.]

Maria. Sir, I thank you.

G. Phil. I'll sit down too. [*In confusion*.]

Maria. Heigho!

G. Phil. Ma'am!

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I thought—I—I—did not you say something, Ma'am?

Maria. No, Sir; nothing.

G. Phil. I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh! you are a sweet creature. [*Aside*.]

G. Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on. [*Sits silent, looks foolish, and steals a look at her*.]

Maria. An agreeable interview this!

G. Phil. Pray, Ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Maria. Concerts! what's that, Sir?

G. Phil. A musick meeting.

Maria. I have been at a Quaker's meeting; but never at a musick meeting.

G. Phil. Lord, Ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts—She notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody—will you give me leave to present you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, Ma'am.

Maria. [*Looking simple and awkward*.]—A ticket—what's a ticket?

G. Phil. There, Ma'am, at your service.

Maria. [*Curtseys awkwardly*.] I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a curtsy there is for the St. James's end of the town! I hate her; she seems to be an ideot.

[*Aside*.]

Maria. Here's a charming ticket he has given me.

[*Aside*.] And is this a ticket, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am—And is this a ticket.

[*Mimicks her aside*.]

Maria. [*Reads*.] For sale by the candle, the following goods—thirty chests straw hats—fifty tubs chip hats—pepper, sago, borax—ha—ha! Such a ticket!

. Phil.

G. Phil. I—I—I have made a mistake Ma'am—
here, here is the right one.

Maria. You need not mind it, Sir,—I never go to
such places.

G. Phil. No, Ma'am—I don't know what to make
of her—Was you ever at the White-Conduit-house?

Maria. There's a question. [*Aside.*] Is that a no-
bleman's seat?

G. Phil. [*Laughs.*] Simpleton!—No Miss—Is it
not a nobleman's seat—Lord! it's at Islington.

Maria. Lord Islington!—I don't know my Lord
Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington.

Maria. I have not the honour of knowing his
Lordship.

G. Phil. Islington is a town, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh! it's a town.

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. I am glad of it,

G. Phil. What is she glad of?

Maria. A pretty husband my papa has chose for me.

[*Aside.*]

G. Phil. What shall I say to her next? Have you
been at the burletta, Ma'am?

Maria. Where?

G. Phil. The burletta,

Maria. Sir, I would have you to know that I am
no such person—I go to burlettas! I am not what
you take me for.

G. Phil. Ma'am—

Maria. I'm come of good people, Sir; and have
been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

G. Phil. What a damn'd fool she is. [*Aside.*]—The
burletta is an opera, Ma'am.

Maria. Opera, Sir! I don't know what you mean
by this usage—to affront me in this manner!

G. Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, Ma'am;
I took you for a connoisseur.

Maria. Who me a connoisseur, Sir! I desire you
won't call me such names; I am sure I never so much

as thought of such a thing. Sir, I won't be call'd a connoisseur—I won't—I won't—I won't.

[*Bursts out a crying.*]

G. Phil. Ma'am, I meant no offence—A connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Maria. Don't virtuoso me! I am no virtuoso, Sir, I would have you to know it—I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso.

[*Cries bitterly.*]

G. Phil. But, Ma'am, you mistake me quite.

Maria. [*In a passion, choking her tears and sobbing.*] Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England—My family was always remarkable for virtue—My mamma [*bursts out*] was as a good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget [*sobbing*] was a virtuous woman too—And there's my sister Sophy makes as good and as virtuous a wife as any at all—And so, Sir, don't call me a virtuoso—I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't—I won't—I won't. [*Cries bitterly.*]

G. Phil. The girl's a natural—So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up—Ma'am, upon my word you misunderstand me.

Maria. Sir [*drying her tears*] I won't be call'd connoisseur by you nor any body—And I am no virtuoso—I'd have you to know that.

G. Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Maria. Taste! [*Sobbing.*]

G. Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G. Phil. Undoubtedly.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient humble servant; Oh! that's another thing—I have a taste to be sure.

G. Phil. I know you have, Ma'am—O you're a cursed ninny. [*Aside.*]

Maria. Yes, I know I have—I can read tolerably; and I begin to write a little.

G. Phil. Upon my word, you have made a great progress!—What could old Square-Toes mean by passing

passing her upon me for a sensible girl? And what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her.—I'll talk to her openly at once.—Come sit down, Miss.—Pray Ma'am, are you inclin'd to matrimony?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Are you in love?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Those naturals are always amorous [*aside.*]
How should you like me?

Maria. Of all things——

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony, [*aside*] Do you love me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free, (*aside*). But not so well as me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. Better may be?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do! [*aside.*] And, perhaps, if I should marry you I should have a chance to be made a——

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear; Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Maria. Sir.

G. Phil. I have done, Ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

Maria. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, Ma'am, no;—No such thing—You may provide yourself a husband elsewhere, I am your humble servant.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot?—But you must——my papa said you must——And I will have you,

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense, [*aside.*] Make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Maria.

the gentleman, that, to be sure, Sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, Sir.

Old Phil. Really you are very agreeable—You see I am punctual to my hour.

[*Looks at his watch.*]

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, Sir.

Old Phil. Yes, Madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time—This is a mighty pretty lodging—I have twenty guineas here in a purse, here they are; (*turns them out upon the table*) as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers play'd with.

Cor. I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

Old Phil. There are [*aside.*] some light guineas among them—I always put off my light guineas in this way—You are exceedingly welcome, Madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it—Oh! I could eat it up—Fair lady, your lips look so cherry—They actually invite the touch; (*kisses*) really it makes the difference of *cent. per cent.* in one's constitution—You have really a mighty pretty foot—Oh, you little rogue—I could smother you with kisses—Oh you little delicate, charming—[*kisses her.*]

GEORGE PHILPOT, *within.*

G. Phil. Gee-houp!—Awhi!—Awhi! Gallows! Awhi!

Old Phil. Hey—What is all that?—Somebody coming!

Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no.

Old Phil. What shall I do?—I would not be seen for the world—Can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, Sir—These wild young fellows take such liberties—He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected—Get under the table—He shan't remain long whoever he is—Here—Here, Sir, get under here.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; that will do—Don't let him stay long—Give me another buss—Wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush!—Make haste.

Old

Old Phil. Ay; ay; I will fair lady—[*Creeps under the table and peeps out.*] Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! Silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter G. PHILPOT, dress'd out.

G. Phil. Sharper do your work—Awhi! Awhi! So my girl—how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you—I did not expect to see you so soon—I thought you was to be at the club—The servants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dress, and so I concluded you would have staid all night as usual.

G. Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill-fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes—Suskins in plenty.

Old Phil. [*peeping*] Ah the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash—I have taken in old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how, pray?

Old Phil. [*peeping out*] Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you.

Old Phil. [*peeping*] Ay! let us hear.

G. Phil. I talk'd a world of wisdom to him.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. Tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

G. Phil. He is a sad old fellow!

Old Phil. Ay! Go on.

G. Phil. And so I appear'd to him as deserving of the gallows as he is himself.

Old Phil. Well said boy, well said—Go on.

G. Phil. And then he took a liking to me—Ay, ay, says he, ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade—George, thou art a son after my own heart; and then

as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grinn'd like a Jew broker, when he has cheated his principal of an eighth *per cent.*—And cried ay, ay, that is the very spirit of trade—A fool and his money are soon parted—(*mimicking him*) and so, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till, at last, I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

Old Phil. I have a mind to rise and break his bones—But then I discover myself—Lie still, Isaac, lie still.

G. Phil. Oh! I understand trap—I talked of a great house stopping payment—The thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an ideot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me tho'.

Old Phil. Ay, you have found it out—Have ye?

G. Phil. No old usurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worse with me—I must have commission upon these bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer—Your bond—Lawful interest, while I am out of my money; and the difference for selling out of the stocks—an old miserly good for nothing skin-flint.

Old Phil. My blood boils to be at him—Go on, can you tell us a little more?

G. Phil. Po! he is an old curmudgeon—And so I will talk no more about him—Come give me a kiss.

[*They kiss.*]

Old Phil. The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

G. Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

Cor. Shall I? That's charming.

G. Phil. You shall, in my chariot—I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G. Phil. But I like it, I am as good a coachman as any in England—There was my lord—What d'ye call him—He kept a stage-coach for his own driving, but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

E

Cor.

Cor. No!

G. Phil. Oh! no—I know my road-work, my girl,
—When I have my coachman's hat on—is my hat
come home?

Cor. It hangs up yonder! but I don't like it.

G. Phil. Let me see it—Ay! the very thing—
Mind me when I go to work—Throw my eyes
about a few—Handle the braces—Take the off-
leader by the jaw—Here you—how have you
curbed this horse up?—Let him out a link, do you
blood of a—Whoo Eh!—Jewel—Button!—Whoo
Eh! Come here, you Sir, how have you coupled Gal-
lows? you know he'll take the bar of Sharper—Take
him in two holes, do—There's four pretty little
knots as any in England—Whoo Eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G. Phil. No, no—See me mount the box, handle
the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows,
stamp with my foot—Gee up!—Off we go—
Button, do you want to have us over!—Do your
work do—Awhi! awhi!—There we bowl away;
see how sharp they are—Gallows!—Softly up hill
[*whistles*] there's a public-house—Give 'em a mouthful
of water, do—And fetch me a dram—Drink it off—
Gee up! Awhi! Awhi!—There we go scrambling
altogether—Reach Epsom in an hour and forty-
three minutes, all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we
do—There's your work my girl!—Eh! damn me.

Old. Phil. Mercy on me! What a profligate de-
dauched young dog it is.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Wild. Ha! my little Corinna—Sir, your servant.

G. Phil. Your servant, Sir.

Wild. Sir, your Servant.

G. Phil. Any commands for me, Sir?

Wild. For you, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, for me, Sir?

Wild. No, Sir, I have no commands for you.

G. Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G. Phil. Ay, business.

Wild.

Wild. Why, very good business I think—My little Corinna—My life—My little—

G. Phil. Is that your business?—Pray, Sir,——Not so free, Sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G. Phil. No, Sir! that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, Sir!

G. Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you! Who are you?

G. Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word!——Who is this fellow, Corinna? Some journeyman-taylor, I suppose, who chuses to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

G. Phil. Taylor!—What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no taylor.

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that!

G. Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G. Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, Sir.

G. Phil. You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not—But if you have a mind for a frolick—Let me put by my sword—Now, Sir, come on [*In a boxing attitude.*]

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? Draw, Sir, this moment.

G. Phil. Not I——come on.

Wild. Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

G. Phil. I'll give you satisfaction this way [*pushes at him.*]

Wild. Draw, Sir, Draw; You won't draw!——There, take that, Sirrah—and that—and that, you scoundrel.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; well done; lay it on—[*peeps out.*]

Wild. And there you rascal; and there.

Old Phil. Thank you; thank you—Could not you find in your heart to lay him on another for me?

Cor. Pray, don't be in such a passion, Sir.

Wild. My dear, Corinna, don't be frighten'd; I shall not murder him.

Old Phil. I am safe here—lie still Isaac, lie still—I am safe—

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. [*Sits down.*] [*Old Philpot's watch strikes ten under the table*] Whose watch is that? [*stairs round*] Hey! what is all this? [*looks under the table*] your humble servant, Sir! Turn out pray, turn out—You won't—Then I'll unshell you. [*Takes away the table.*] Your very humble servant, Sir.

G. Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time!

[*Aside.*]

Wild. I suppose you will give me the lie too?

Old Phil. [*Still on the ground.*] No Sir; not I truly, But the gentleman there may divert himself again if he has a mind.

Wild. No, Sir, not I; I pass.

Old Phil. George, you are there I see.

G. Phil. Yes, Sir, and you are there I see.

Wild. Come rise—Who is this old fellow?

Cor. Upon my word I don't know—As I live and breathe I don't—he came after my maid, I suppose; I'll go and ask her—let me run out of the way, and hide myself from this scene of confusion.

[*Exit Corinna.*]

G. Phil. What an Imp of hell she is. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Come, get up Sir; you are too old to be beat,

Old Phil. [*Rising.*] In troth, so I am—But there you may exercise yourself again if you please,

G. Phil. No more for me, Sir—I thank you.

Old Phil. I have made but a bad voyage of it—The ship is sunk, and stock and block lost. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laugh at his old square toes—As for you, Sir, you have had what you deserv'd—Ha, ha! you are a kind cull, I suppose—ha, ha! And you, reverend dad, you must come here tottering after a punk, ha, ha!

Old Phil. Oh! George! George!

G. Phil. Oh! father! father!

Wild. Ha, ha! what father and son! And so you have found one another out, ha, ha!—Well, you may

may have business, and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves. *[Exit,*

G. Phil. This is too much to bear—What an infamous jade she is! All her contrivance!—don't be angry with me, Sir—I'll go my ways this moment, tie myself up in this matrimonial noose—and never have any thing to do with these courses again. *[Going.*

Old Phil. And hark you, George; tie me up in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will. *[Exeunt,*

Enter BEAUFORT, *dressed as a lawyer, and* SIR JASPER WILDING, *with a bottle and glass in his hand.*

Beau. No more, Sir Jasper, I can't drink any more.

Sir Jasp. Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, master Quagmire—come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excused—you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir Jasp. Zounds! it's all about out-houses, and messuages, and barns, and stables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands and tenements, and woods and underwoods, and commons, and backsides. I am o'the commission for Wilts, and I know the ley, and so truce with your jargon, master Quagmire.

Beau. But, Sir, you don't consider, marriage is an affair of importance—it is contracted between persons, first consenting; secondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impediments, and can only be dissolved for canonical causes or levitical causes—See *Leviticus* xviii. and xxviii *Harry VIII.* chapter vii.

Sir Jasp. You shall drink t'other Bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Old Mr. Philpot, Sir, and his son.

Sir Jasp. Wounds! that's right, they'll take me out of the hand of this lawyer here. *[Exit.*

BEAUFORT, *solus.*

Beau. Well done, Beaufort! thus far you have play'd your part, as if you had been of the pumple-nose family of Furnival's-Inn,

Sir

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, twenty thousand Pounds you know is a great deal of money—I should not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more, before I embark; for to be plain, Sir, she appears to me a mere natural.

Sir Jasp. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench—and here, here's zou Bob.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

Sir Jasp. Bob, gee us your hand—I ha' finish'd the business—and zo now—here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

Old Phil. Of all the birds in the air, is that he! [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. He has behav'd like a relation to me already. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jasp. Go to un man—that's your vather—

Wild. This is the strangest accident—Sir—
Sir—[*siffling a laugh*] I—I—Sir—upon my soul, I can't stand this. [*Bursts out a laughing.*]

Old Phil. I deserve it! I deserve to be laught at.

[*Aside.*]

G. Phil. He has shewn his regard to his sister's family already. [*Aside.*]

Sir Jasp. What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law—[*Pulls Old Philpot to him.*] Master Philpot, that's Bob—Speak to un Bob—speak to un—

Wild. Sir—I—I am [*siffls a laugh*] I say, Sir—I am, Sir—extremely proud—of—of—

G. Phil. Of having beat me, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Of the honour, Sir—of—of— [*Laughs.*]

G. Phil. Ay! that's what he means. [*Aside.*]

Wild. And, Sir—I—I—this opportunity—I cannot look him in the face—[*bursts out into a laugh*] ha, ha! I cannot stay in the room—[*Going.*]

Sir

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Sir Jasp. Why the volks are all mad, I believe! you shall stay, Bob; you shall stay. [*Holds him.*]

Wild. Sir I—I cannot possibly—

[*Whispers his father.*]

Old Phil. George, George! what a woeful figure do we make!

G. Phil. Bad enough of all conscience, Sir.

Sir Jasp. An odd adventure, Bob. [*Laughs heartily.*]

Old Phil. Ay! there now he is hearing the whole affair, and is laughing at me.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha! Po, never mind it—a did not hurt un.

Old Phil. It's all discover'd.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha!—I told ye zon Bob could find a hare squat upon her form with any he in Christendom—ha, ha! never mind it man, Bob meant no harm—here, here, Bob—here's your vather, and there's your brother—I should like to ha'zeen un under the table.

Wild. Gentlemen, your most obedient.

[*Stifling a laugh.*]

Old Phil. Sir, your servant—He has lick'd George well—and I forgive him.

Sir Jasp. Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now.

G. Phil. Why, Sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an ideot.

Sir Jasp. Zee her again then—zee her again—here, you, firrah, send our Moll hither.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Very well then, we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave un together—Hoic! hoic—Our Moll—Tally over

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Did you call me, papa?

Sir Jasp. I did, my girl—There, the gentleman wants to speak with you—Behave like a clever wench as you are—come along my boys—Master Quagmire, come and finish the business.

[*Exit singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort, manent George and Maria.*]

G. Phil.

G. Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony—Well, Miss, you told me you could read and write?

Maria. Read, Sir, Heavens!—[*Looking at him.* ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. What does she laugh at?

Maria. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. What diverts you so, pray?

Maria. Ha, ha, ha! What a fine taudry figure you have made of yourself? ha, ha!

G. Phil. Figure, Madam!

Maria. I shall die, I shall die! ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Do you make a laughing-stock of me?

Maria. No, Sir, by no means—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Let me tell you, Miss, I don't understand being treated thus.

Maria. Sir, I can't possibly help it—I—I—ha, ha!

G. Phil. I shall quit the room, and tell your papa, if you go on thus.

Maria. Sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times—I am but a giddy girl—I cannot help it—I—I—ha, ha!

G. Phil. Ma'am, this is down right insult.

Maria. Sir, you look somehow or other—I don't know how, so comically—ha, ha ha!

G. Phil. Did you never see a gentleman dress'd before?

Maria. Never like you—I beg your pardon, Sir—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Now here is an ideot in spirits—I tell you this is your ignorance—I am dress'd in high taste.

Maria. Yes, so you are—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Will you have done laughing?

Maria. Yes, Sir, I will—I will—there—there—there—I have done.

G. Phil. Do so then, and behave yourself a little sedate.

Maria. I will, Sir;—I won't look at him, and then I shan't laugh—

G. Phil. Let me tell you, Miss, that nobody understands dress better than I do.

Maria. Ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. She's mad sure.

Maria.

Maria. No, Sir, I am not mad—I have done, Sir—I have done—I assure you, Sir, that no body is more averse from ill manners, and would take greater pains not to affront a gentleman—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. Again! Zounds! What do you mean! you'll put me in a passion, I can tell you, presently.

Maria. I can't help it—Indeed I can't—Beat me if you will, but let me laugh—I can't help it—ha, ha, ha!

G. Phil. I never met with such usage in my life.

Maria. I shall die—Do, Sir, let me laugh—it will do me good—ha, ha, ha!

[Falls down in a fit of laughing.]

G. Phil. If this is your way, I won't stay a moment longer in the room—I'll go this moment and tell your father.

Maria. Sir, Sir, Mr. Philpot, don't be so hasty, Sir—I have done, Sir; it's over now—I have had my laugh out—I am a giddy girl—but I'll be grave—I'll compose myself and act a different scene with him from what I did in the morning. I have all the materials of an impertinent wit, and I will now twirl him about the room, like a boy setting up his top with his finger and thumb. [Aside.]

G. Phil. Miss, I think you told me you can read and write.

Maria. Read, Sir! Reading is the delight of my life—Do you love reading, Sir?

G. Phil. Prodigioussly—How pert she is grown—I have read very little, and I'm resolv'd for the future to read less. [Aside.] What have you read, Miss?

Maria. Every thing.

G. Phil. You have?

Maria. Yes, Sir, I have.

G. Phil. Oh! brave—and do you remember what you read, Miss?

Maria. Not so well as I could wish—Wits have short memories.

G. Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Maria. I am—and do you know that I feel myself provok'd to a simile now?

G. Phil. Provok'd to a simile!—Let us hear it!

F

Maria.

Maria. What do you think we are both like?

G. Phil. Well——

Maria. Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G. Phil. Jenny in Dryden's fable!

Maria. The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows;
To meet the fanning breeze her bosom rose.

That's me——now you.

*He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went [mimicks] for want of thought.*

G. Phil. This is not the same girl. [*Disconcerted.*]

Maria. Mark again, mark again:

*The fool of nature flood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.*

[*He looks foolish, she laughs at him.*]

G. Phil. I must take care how I speak to her; she is not the fool I took her for. [*Aside.*]

Maria. You seem surpriz'd, Sir——but this is my way—I read, Sir, and then I apply—I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Landdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thompson.

G. Phil. Hey! the devil—what a clack is here!

[*He walks a-crofs the stage.*]

Maria. [*Following him eagerly.*] Shakespear, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steel, in short every body; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and sentiment—Well done, Miss Notable! you have play'd your part like a young actress in high favour with the town. [*Aside.*]

G. Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

Maria. What do you say to me now, Sir?

G. Phil. Say!—I don't know what the devil to say.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. What's the matter, Sir? Why you look as if the stocks were fallen—or like London-bridge at low water—or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen—or like a politician without news—or like a prude without scandal—or like a great lawyer without a brief—or like some lawyers with one—or——

G. Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband henpeck'd by a wit, and so say no more of that—What a capricious piece here is! [*Aside.*]

Maria. Oh, fy! you have spoil'd all—I had not half done.

G. Phil. There is enough of all conscience—You may content yourself.

Maria. But I can't be so easily contented—I like a simile half a mile long.

G. Phil. I see you do.

Maria. Oh! And I make verses too—verses like an angel—off hand—extempore—Can you give me an extempore?

G. Phil. What does she mean!—no, Miss—I have never a one about me.

Maria. You can't give me an extempore—Oh! for shame, Mr. Philpot—I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their sense so fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

G. Phil. A poet rich as Pactolus! I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

Maria. Very like.

G. Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

Maria. As who?

G. Phil. Pactolus—He was a great Jew merchant—liv'd in the ward of Farringdon without.

Maria. Pactolus, a Jew merchant! Pactolus is a river.

G. Phil. A river!

Maria. Yes—don't you understand geography?

G. Phil. The girl's crazy!

Maria. Oh! Sir—if you don't understand geography, you are nobody—I understand geograghy, and I understand orthography; you know I told you I can write—and I can dance too—will you dance a minuet?

[*Sings and dances.*]

G. Phil. You shan't lead me a dance, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well, Sir—you refuse me—remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourself.

G. Phil. Not I, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well—very well—remember—
mark my words—I'll do it—you shall see—ha, ha!

[*Runs off in a fit of laughing.*]

GEORGE *solus.*

G. Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife
to live in Bow-street, and write over the door “Phil-
pot’s punch-house.”

Enter OLD PHILPOT and Sir JASPER.

Sir Jasp. [*Singing*] “So rarely so bravely we’ll hunt
“him over the downs, and we’ll hoop and we’ll hollow.”
Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well—what
zay ye to un now?—Ben’t she a clever girl?

G. Phil. A very extraordinary girl indeed.

Sir Jasp. Did not I tell un zo—then you have
nothing to do but to consummate as soon as you will.

G. Phil. No, you may keep her, Sir—I thank
you—I’ll have nothing to do with her.

Old Phil. What’s the matter now, George?

G. Phil. Po! she is a wit.

Sir Jasp. Ay! I told un zo.

G. Phil. And that’s worse than t’other—I am off,
Sir.

Sir Jasp. Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great
wit.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Well, papa, the gentleman won’t have
me.

Old Phil. The numskull won’t do as his father bids
him; and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent I’ll make a
proposal to the young lady myself.

Maria. How! what does he say?

Old Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and I can
be a brisk lover still—Fair Lady, a glance of your eye
is like the returning sun in the spring—It melts
away the frost of age, and gives a new warmth and
vigour to all nature.

[*Falls a coughing.*]

Maria. Dear heart! I should like to have a scene
with him.

Sir

Sir Jasp. Hey! What's in the wind now!—This won't take—My girl shall have fair play—No old fellow shall totter to her bed—What say you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Maria. Sir, I have one small doubt—Pray can I have two husbands at a time?

G. Phil. There's a question now! She is grown foolish again.

Old Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land—

Sir Jasp. Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law; I know the law better nor any on ye—Two husbands at once—No; no—Men are scarce, and that's down-right poaching.

Maria. I am sorry for it, Sir—For then I can't marry him, I see.

Sir Jasp. Why not?

Maria. I am contracted to another.

Sir Jasp. Contracted! To whom?

Maria. To Mr. Beaufort—That gentleman, Sir.

Old Phil. That gentleman!

Beau. Yes, Sir, [*Throws open his gown*] My name is Beaufort—And, I hope, Sir Jasper, when you consider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generously forgive the stratagem I have made use of.

Sir Jasp. Master Quagmire! What are you young Beaufort all this time?

Old Phil. That won't take, Sir—That won't take.

Beau. But it must take, Sir—You have sign'd the deeds for your daughter's marriage; and, Sir Jasper, by this instrument has made me his son-in-law.

Old Phil. How is this? How is this? Then, Sir Jasper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose, for you know—

Sir Jasp. Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfill'd my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has looked out sily for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl? I ben't asham'd o' my girl—Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr.
Beaufort

Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprize.

Wild. Bravo! my scheme has succeeded rarely.

Old bil. And so here I am bubbled and choused out of my money——George! George! what a day's work have we made of it!——Well, if it must be so, be it so——I desire, young gentleman, you will come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning——And, I'll tell you what, here, here—Take my family watch into the bargain; and I wish it may play you just such another trick as it has me; that's all——I'll never go intriguing with a family watch again.

Maria. Well, Sir! [*To G. Phil.*] what do you think of me now? An't I a connoisseur, Sir! and a virtuoso——ha! ha!

G. Phil. Yes; and much good may do your husband——I have been connoisseur'd among ye to some purpose——Bubbled at play——dup'd by my wench——cudgel'd by a rake——laugh'd at by a girl——detected by my father——and there is the sum total of all I have got at this end of the town,

Old Phil. This end of the town! I desire never to see it again while I live——I'll pop into a hackney-coach this moment, drive to Mincing-lane, and never venture back to this side of Temple-bar. [*Going.*]

G. Phil. And, Sir, Sir!——shall I drive you?

Old Phil. Ay, you or any body. [*Exit.*]

G. Phil. I'll overturn the old hocus at the first corner. [*Following him.*]

Sir Jasp. They shan't go zo, neither——they shall stay and crack a bottle. [*Exit after them.*]

Maria. Well, brother, how have I play'd my part?

Wild. } To a miracle. **4 AP 54**

Beau. }

Maria. Have I?——I don't know how that is——

Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts

To win your—[To Beaufort.] No! not yours——

To win your hearts. [To the Audience.]

Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;

“There if I grow, the harvest is your own.”

E P I.

EPILOGUE,

By OLD PHILPOT and GEORGE PHILPOT.

Fath. O H! George, George, George! 'tis such
young rakes as you,
That bring vile jokes, and foul dishonour too,
Upon our city youth.

Geo. ——— 'Tis very true.

Fath. St. James's end o'th' town ———

Geo. ——— No place for me.

Fath. No truly—no—their manners disagree
With ours intirely—yet you there must run,
To ape their follies ———

Geo. ——— And so am undone.

Fath. There you all learn a vanity in vice,
You turn mere fops—you game

Geo. ——— Oh damn the dice.

Fath. Bubbled at play ———

Geo. ——— Yes, Sir ———

Fath. ——— By every common cheat.

Geo. Ay! here's two witresses—[*Pulls out his pockets.*]

Fath. ——— You get well beat.

Geo. A witness too of that, [*Shews his head*] and there's
another. [*To Young Wilding.*]

Fath. You dare to give affronts ———

Geo. ——— Zounds such a pother! —

Fath. Affronts to gentlemen!

Geo. ——— 'Twas a rash action ———

Fath. Damn'e, you lie! I'll give you satisfaction.

[*Mimicking.*]

Drawn in by strumpets, and detected too!

Geo. That's a sad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you—

Fath. The dog he has me there ———

Geo. ——— Think you it right—

Under a table ———

Fath. ——— Miserable plight!

Geo. For grave three score to sculk with trembling
knees,

And envy each young lover that he sees!

Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam?

Fath. Wou'd I had stay'd to cast accounts at home.

40 EPILOGUE.

Geo. Ay ! there's another vice——

Fath. ———— Sirrah give o'er.

Geo. You brood for ever o'er your much lov'd store,
And scraping *cent. per cent.* still pine for more. }
At Jonathan's, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your son.

Fath. Rascal, enough !

Geo. ———— I could add, but am loth——

Fath. Enough !—this jury [*to the audience*] will convict us both.

Geo. Then to the court we'd better make submission.
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,
I here repent my faults—ye courtly train,
Farewel !—farewel, ye giddy and ye vain !
I now take up—forsake the gay and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.

Fath. You see me here quite cover'd o'er with shame,
I hate long speeches——But I'll do the same.
Come, George——To mend is all the best
can boast.

Geo. Then let us in——

Fath. ———— And this shall be our toast,
May Britain's thunder on her foes be hurl'd,

Geo. And London prove the market of the world !

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F I N I S.

